

Enchanted 690

Her face began to turn, her hands on both sides clasping the sand tightly, and her knuckles almost stuck in.

Under the moonlight, in the fireworks, Joseph had taken off his clothes.

So it was easy for her to see that thing in his crotch.

Joseph was naturally familiar with her psychological craving. Seeing her try to turn her face, he smiled, reaching out over her face so that she could not turn a blind eye to him.

This was definitely a thrill for Irish, who wanted to climb the peak repeatedly.

She longed for something to enrich her.

And he was the best choice.

Irish's heart slid on the steel wire, flickering left and right. She would rather Joseph give her some ecstasy so that even if she longed for it, she could convince herself that it was because of the drugs.

But Joseph, who had made it clear that he was really patient, flirted with her.

He disdains from giving her what she needs as his arrogant nature doomed him to be too keen on her compromise.

Compromise and obedience from the bottom of her heart

Then, he let her keep awake and knew how she wriggled unbearably under him.

Irish finally couldn't stand it.

There was a cry-like sound in her nasal cavity and convulsions in the depths of her body.

There was no need for him to hold her face, she could not help staring at his rise and could not move her eyes away.

Her mouth became dry.

Her body was like a fish in thirst. She had no time to care about fireworks. She just felt that her eyes were tired from the strong desire to get conquered by him, and it was excruciating.

Joseph finally let her go.

His tall body was gently pressed down.

Her skin was uncontrolled to shiver when her legs felt the man's heat. She longed for strong chest pressure, touching the man's strong texture and feeling his burning temperature.

He was in her legs.

She consciously lifted her body to cooperate with him.

Joseph smiled widely.

His body did not press down completely, but his lips came down.

They gently stuck to her lips.

Perhaps the fireworks were too beautiful, or people would be lost on such a late night.

Perhaps she could not resist the most direct physical craving, and Joseph knew too well where she was sensitive, so he succeeded in making her seem to have a drug addiction.

When Joseph's thin lips fell, she could not help but respond.

But she gave herself an excuse.

She was a mature woman, and her physical cognition was far more honest than the psychological, so was it not too much, right?

Joseph was familiar with her body and became gentle that night after last night's violence. He knew too well how to make her have a desire.

With her response, Joseph's breath also became heavy.

But he was not in a hurry to enter. Instead, he just touched her with his body and felt her getting hotter and hotter.

Irish's breathing became increasingly urgent, and her body wriggled uneasily.

The undercurrent hit her sharply, and there was an urgent need for a release. Joseph sensed the eagerness of her body and enlarged the smile on his lips.

He finally pressed down his body. Irish suddenly opened her mouth to gasp and raised her head high and backward.

She felt that his strength was advancing slowly and firmly.

She could feel every inch.

She could not help shouting with his long advancing thing.

She felt that the thick power was filling her densely.

Finally, when it was totally in, Irish suddenly tremble all over, and her crying also became sharp and trembling.

Her body began to contract like a sponge.

The strength was stronger than last time. She finally climbed up to the clouds, and her body arched highly.

Joseph gave her time to rest. Without the urge to act like a wolf, he enjoyed her tightness.

When her body finally softened down, Joseph reached out to caress the sweat on her forehead and whispered in her ear, "You are such a woman to make a man proud."

Irish was motionless, but her eyes were closed tightly, and her eyelashes trembled gently.

When joy passed, what had left in her heart was deep shame and self-deprecation.

She even...

Irish wanted to kill herself with a knife!

Joseph smiled over her head and whispered, "There's nothing to be ashamed of."

Irish did not want to look into his eyes, for she was sure that there was nothing else in his eyes but satire.

Then Joseph began to move.

Irish's body, which had just climbed to the peak, was already sensitive. When he moved, she shook.

She reached out against his chest and shook her head as hard as he could.

He pressed down and vacated his arm to hold her neck.

The man was always slow.

In the process, Joseph is also always with Irish's closed eyes.

Bowing his head, he kissed her long, trembling eyelashes.

Irish preferred him to hurry up to torture her.

But that night, Joseph, who was different, always maintained a very calm speed to bend over to kiss her slowly for a long time.

All the time, he kissed and stroked her gently.

They made love many times over and over again.

His speed had always been the same.

His speed was comparable to that of the torrential rain.

Irish's body tightened again. Her toes were bent so badly that she was about to climb the clouds again from the sound and the look on her face.

Her cheeks turned red and too beautiful to make him remove his eyes.

Joseph understood her eagerness to grasp, but he did not change his speed and still tortured her deeply and slowly.

But at this moment, he changed his angle every time he exercised.

He began to do upward.

He seemed to be looking for some of her sensitive points.

Irish suddenly opened her eyes and stared at Joseph, trembling.

And Joseph also stared at her.

When the two looked at each other, the fireworks bloomed with the feeling in the depths of Joseph's eyes.

"Oh, my God, you...." On the forehead of Irish was crystal sweaty. Her nostrils widened, and her lips trembled more and more.

Her fingers were deep in the white sand.

Joseph stared at her, bent down, and gently bit her lips, but he still touched her point.

Suddenly, Irish could not help but clasp his neck and arch her back.